

Hugo.

Leo Watson and Miss Kittle Hart, daughter of Noah Hart, were married Sunday, Nov. 18, 1900, by Rev. Roberts, of New Florence.

F. Gutmann's sale was well attended and things sold well. Mr. Gutmann and family left Saturday for New York City and from there they take steamer for Germany.

Rev. Roberts was to preach at Hugo Monday night but on account of bad roads failed to fill his appointment.

John and Henry Lionberger were in Montgomery City Monday.

Gates Greenwell went to California a few weeks ago to work on a ranch. Rose.

New Florence.

Little Miss Lillie Corvey is quite sick.

Miss Rachel Stewart went to St. Louis Wednesday to spend a week with relatives and friends.

Miss Cora Hecker left last Saturday to visit relatives in St. Louis and Illinois.

Miss Rose Bordeaux, who attended church here Sunday was a welcome visitor.

The Recital at the Methodist church Thanksgiving night was postponed until the holidays on account of the meeting at the Christian church.

E. F. Corvey spent Monday in Mexico.

Pete Young went to the city with a carload of horses this week.

Messieurs, Long and Antoine, of St. Louis county, are visiting relatives here.

Rev. Messers was here this week shaking hands with his many friends and enjoying the hospitality of relatives.

Miss Lou Smith is with her sister Mrs. Jack Blackburn.

Mr. Jack Miller, of St. Louis, has been the guest of Judge Levell, and family, several days.

Willie See made a business trip to Hannibal this week.

Eugene Windsor left Monday for Livingston county, where he expects to secure a position as fireman for the C. & N. O. R. R.

Jesse Thornhill well known here who was a grandson of Mrs. J. T. Hunter, died last week in Wyoming and was buried near Benton City, Mo.

New Florence observed Thanksgiving Day very appropriately. The public services were held at 10:30 a. m. The W. C. T. U. meeting at 2:30 and the regular sermon by Rev. Shultz at night. A program had been prepared for each occasion.

Bert See sold to George Young three fine mules and delivered them to him at Jonesburg Monday.

PUELLA.

Wellsville.

Willie Rodgers was down from Moberly Sunday.

Harry Kuhne was down from Martinsburg Sunday.

John and Ed King, who have been working in Iowa came home for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Reusch, of Jonesburg, was the guest of Mrs. L. L. Kirk the first of the week.

Ed McQuie went to St. Louis Monday to look for work.

William Wyatt, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Reid, died last Saturday, and was buried Monday. Rev. Mitchell of Montgomery, preached the funeral.

Miss Mary Reid, of Middletown, attended the funeral of her nephew's child, Monday.

Mrs. Dr. Shumate was the guest of Mrs. Geo. Overbaugh, in Martinsburg, last week.

Rev. White, of the Presbyterian church, is conducting a protracted meeting. He is assisted by a singing evangelist.

Mrs. Nellie Blain was in Mexico Monday.

A. J. Battner was in St. Louis this week.

ST. ELMO.

Editor's Awful Plight.

F. M. Higgins, Editor Seneca, (Ill.) News, was afflicted for years with Piles that no doctor or remedy helped until he tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world. He writes that two bottles wholly cured him. Infalible for Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by Muns & Adams' Drugstore.

When you want prompt acting little pills that never gripe use DeWitt's Little Early Risers. City Drug Store.

Jonesburg.

Chas. Mason, and wife, are visiting in Jonesburg this week.

W. B. Reusch came up from St. Louis Saturday.

Mr. Eberie, and wife, who have been visiting in Iowa for several months, have returned to their home near town.

Bro. Bryan preached the Thanksgiving sermon at the Baptist church. H. C. Hegeman bought over 1350 lbs. of turkeys Tuesday, besides a great deal of other produce.

Miss Addie Torbet, who has been in St. Louis several weeks, came home a few weeks ago.

H. C. Hegeman went to St. Louis Wednesday.

Miss Amelia Drumert went to Warrenton Wednesday.

G. W. Bordon spent a few hours in Warrenton Wednesday.

Gamma.

At the cost of a Savior's sacrifice, Was mankind from sin set free; At the cost of a martyred Lincoln, Were darkies given liberty.

At the cost of a woman's heart, Did the lover his law betray,

At the cost of a turkey's gizzard, Do we have Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. L. L. Mudd moved to Montgomery City Thursday. We are sorry to lose this worthy family; but our loss is Montgomery's gain. Mrs. John Brown and family will move to the farm vacated by Mr. Mudd while Mr. Brown and wife of Audrain Co. will take possession of the farm left vacant by Mrs. John Brown.

Emmett Uterback of Gazett and Miss Bell of Hartford attended church at Walnut Grove Sunday.

Rev. Love of St. Louis is assisting Rev. Riley in the protracted meeting which has not been very well attended on account of the bad weather.

Nelson Chiles and Co. has been sawing wood in the neighborhood the past week.

Mr. Arni Mabry of Corvose was here Monday.

Turkey dressing has been the order of the day in our village this week. The turkey crop has been remarkably large in this vicinity.

T. A. Pew was here last week in the life insurance business.

Mr. Jasper Spires and mother left for Oklahoma last week where they go to spend the winter and perhaps make their future home.

The household of T. M. Mabry and Geo. Earnest were each brightened by a little son last week.

Miss Vernice Roley spent last week in Walnut Grove neighborhood visiting friends and attending the meeting. Chas. Muns of Montgomery City was quite hunting in our brambles in company with "earl Merrihugh" last Monday.

Geo. Cochran of near Truxton was here on business Saturday.

Walter Hogsett lost his bird dog last week.

Constable Whitney was here last Wednesday but not after the Reporter.

Sunny Hill.

Subscribe for The TRIBUNE the best paper published in the county.

George Ingelman, of Audrain county, was here last week buying mules.

Willis Morland is building an addition to his residence.

L. C. Duffy, who has been working in a packing house in Kansas City for the past eight months, came home last week. Lou says Montgomery is good enough for him.

Mrs. J. F. Houk, and children, visited Mrs. Houk's parents in Jonesburg last week.

Forest Britt, our deputy sheriff elect, was in this neighborhood last week taking pictures; he photographed the school Tuesday.

The Bravery of Woman.

Was gradually shown by Mrs. John Dowling, of Butler, Pa., in a three years' struggle with a malignant stomach trouble that caused distressing attacks of nausea and indigestion. All remedies failed to relieve her until she tried Electric Bitters. After taking it two months she wrote: "I am now wholly cured and can eat anything. It is a truly grand tonic for the whole system as I gained in weight and feel much stronger since using it." It aids digestion, cures dyspepsia, improves appetite, gives new life. Only 50c a bottle. Guaranteed at City Drug Store.

Reduced rates round trip and one way to points in the north and northwest will be in effect Oct. 30th Nov. 6th, 13th, 20th and 29th 1900.

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Montgomery City, Mo.

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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."\$1.25 FOR \$1.00
If you Spend \$1.00 at
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It will buy as much goods and as good a class of goods as \$1.25 spent at any other store in Montgomery county will buy. This is no "Bumcomb" but a solid hard fact as all other competitors know.

Hot Shot For Competitors.

Best Felts, Rug Proof Overs	\$2.40	Large Cotton Towels	5c
Best Felts (Good Overs), others prices \$2.25, ours	1.90	Extra large Turkish towels 19x21 inch.	10c
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Childrens' Rubbers, all sizes	15c		
Ladies' Rubbers	25c		
Ladies' Arctics first quality	85c		
Remember these are not punched goods, strictly first quality.			
Ladies' Woolen hose, others prices 25c, ours	15c		
Genes' Woolen hose, Extra heavy, others price 25c, ours	18c		
Gents Fine woolen hose	15c		
Ladies heavy Union Suits	25c		
Ladies Vests, heavy weight	15c		
Ladies heavy Woolen mittens	15c		
Mens Buck Front Gloves	50c		
Genes Caps, all styles, from 25c to 50c	30c		
Mens Jersey Shirts, cheap at 50c for only	35c		
Mens Extra heavy Jersey Knit Shirts	35c		
Mens Underwear, others prices 40c, ours	30c		
Mens Extra heavy Underwear, cheap at 40c, going at	45c		

Our Bargain Counter is filled with Shoes and many other articles at COST. Don't fail to look it over.

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The Ring's Victory.

BY Q. K. UNDERWOOD.

Author "Black John," Etc. (Copyright 1900. Daily Story Pub. Co.) It was only a speckled shot, but the cream-colored pony thought it was a bear or something even more dreadful. He was a city-trained pony and was without fear of steam engines, electric cars and other urban nerve wreckers, but he had never had any experience with the bogies of plantation life. So when the speckled shot darted across the path with a terrifying "hough! hough!" the cream-colored pony shied, and threw the girl who was riding him, then tore off down the narrow road through the cotton field at top speed.

Being a robust young person with a good deal of pluck and a sense of humor, however, she laughed almost as soon as the first tears started down the sides of her nose, and satisfying herself that no bones were broken she shook the dust from her riding habit, and gave her hat a touch with her gloved fingers to make it sit straight on her brown locks. The big white mansion where she lived was a mile and a half away. The sun was behind a bank of black clouds in the west, and the rich purple of the cotton blooms, which were a pearly white in the morning, and a delicate pink at noon, bore evidence that the day was dying all too fast for the quiet of a maid with a weary hour of walking ahead of her.

"I went down the new-cut road, she went down the lane. And she promised to meet me. Good-bye, Miss Jane."

The sound of this classic, sung in a melodious, though untrained voice, and accompanied by the rhythmic beat of a horse's hoofs on the sunbaked road, caused the girl to draw to one side and look back. It was the voice of a white man and welcome, for the girl did not relish the long walk home through the lonely plantation.

The man on the gray horse eyed the girl curiously and respectfully. He was sunburned and stalwart, and sat in his saddle as one at home. He would have passed without speaking as is the custom in the home of King Cotton, but for the evidence of the girl's apparel that she should be on horseback.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said, raising his hat. "Can I do anything to assist you?"

"You are Mr. Bradley, are you not?" said the girl.

"Yes'm."

"I am Jane Apperson."

The young man said he would be pleased to be of service to Miss Apperson.

"My pony threw me and ran away," said the girl.

"Do you think you could ride my horse?" said Bradley, who had dismounted.

"I couldn't think of depriving you."



"What was your mother's maiden name?"

Maybe the pony has stopped. Would you mind riding ahead and looking for him?"

"Certainly not," and Bradley galloped away on the gray horse.

Old Mr. Apperson was the richest person in that section of the state, and probably the most unpopular. Why a man of his temper and prejudices ever essayed to make his home on an Arkansas plantation was a local mystery. His political faith was a grievous offense to his neighbors and his cold, hard insistence that all men should live within their incomes and abjure light pleasures was regarded with deep disapproval by the hospitable, sport-loving planters. He lived aloof and his only child, the brown-eyed, brown-haired Jane, knew none of her neighbors. Occasionally the Appersons would be visited by severe-looking women and men of clerical aspect from the East, but these never fraternized with the community.

Ben Bradley wasn't a bad fellow. Some dare-devil feats of his youth had given him a reputation for recklessness that he had not quite lived down, but the worst that could be truthfully said of him now was that he kept fighting cocks and evinced a more intelligent interest in a dog or a horse or a gun than he did in improved farm machinery, or experiments in the line of introducing white labor in the South.

Ben Bradley came back to her without the cream-colored pony. "I'm afraid there's nothing for it but for you to ride my horse," he said. "Do you think you can manage him?"

"He looks rather wild," said the girl, with a doubtful glance at the high-headed, spirited gray gelding. "I am not much of a horawoman." "He's not the easiest brute in the world to handle," admitted Bradley,

deprecatingly. "I might lead him, though," he added.

The sky which had become overcast was suddenly rent by a zig-zag streak of fire, and a crash of thunder shook the earth. Big drops of rain pattered on the road and the horse frightened by the thunder tried to break away from Bradley.

"It's going to be a hard storm," said the planter, soothing the horse, "and you must get home at once. There is only one way. You must ride back and me."

"But Mr. Bradley—"

"Pardon me, Miss Apperson. It is the only way."

Jane Apperson felt that she was doing something desperately unconventional, but, obeying Bradley, she mounted a convenient stump and then sprang on the gray's crupper. "Hold tight," said Bradley, with grave courtesy. "Now we're off." The gray bounded forward and by the time the rain began to fall in earnest was galloping swiftly. It was a new sensation for Miss Apperson, this feeling, a powerful, running horse beneath her and holding fast to a man—one of those reckless roysters her father disapproved of so sternly. She was a good deal troubled about what her father would say, still the situation had its charm.

There was a commotion when they reached the house. The cream-colored pony had come home without a rider and servants were being sent out to find Jane. Slipping to the ground before Bradley could assist her, the girl ran to her father and hurriedly told him of her adventure.

The old man eyed Bradley coldly and said: "My daughter tells me you were of service to her. At any time I can reciprocate you may command me."

"Don't mention it," said the young planter. "It was a pleasure to me."

"Won't you come in and wait until the rain is over?"

"No, thanks; the rain won't hurt me."

Ben Bradley called several times at the Apperson place and was received with the frosty politeness that was Mr. Apperson's nearest approach to friendliness, but he never managed to see Miss Apperson alone. She always spoke cordially to him but there was a reserve in her manner. Bradley felt that she regarded him as a wicked person.

"The little Puritan!" said he, after one of these visits. "She thinks I have horns and hoofs. I'll keep away from her."

But he didn't. He took to hunting the roads about the Apperson place for the mere chance of seeing her as she rode, attended by a pale young man who acted as secretary to her father. Sometimes he managed to find an excuse to ride a short distance at her side. The presence of the pale young man was a bar to confidential discourse, but when a man and a maid are so minded they can come to a fairly good understanding without plain speech, and Bradley began to hope that "the little Puritan" did not think so badly of him after all.

"What's the use, though," he thought, "I don't want to marry her father's daughter, and her father wouldn't let her marry me. But she's a bonny little Puritan."

And the next time he rode at her side he so managed that the gray gelding and the cream-colored pony crowded the pale young man's horse out of the road and then they set off at a pace that the pale young man's steed could not keep.

"Don't pull up," said Bradley, as Miss Apperson started to check the pony. "I must say it. Give me two minutes, I love you, and if you will marry me I will join the church and try to be good."

"Aren't you good now?" said the "little Puritan," with a demure smile.

"You know I ain't. Please give me a chance."

"What would father say?"

"May I ask him?"

"Yes. Now we must wait for Mr. Hawkins."

Before they parted Bradley found an opportunity to slip a curiously carved old ring from his little finger and give it to Miss Apperson.

He found Mr. Apperson next morning looking colder than ever and very thoughtful. The old man opened the conversation. "You gave my daughter a ring yesterday," he said.

"Yes, sir, and I asked her to marry me. Now I have come to ask—"

"Is this the ring?"

Bradley's heart was cold as the old man held up the ring he had given Jane Apperson.

"Yes. How did you get it?"

"From whom did you get it?"

"From my mother. But I did not come here to be catechized, sir. It is my ring and I hoped that your daughter would wear it as my first love token."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Jane Beauchamp. Why?"

"Of Kentucky?"

"Yes, but why?"

"Mr. Bradley, I gave your mother that ring before she was married. When we parted, because her parents would not suffer her to wed a Yankee abolitionist, I asked her to keep it till she died."

"She told me never to part with it, except to the woman I gave my first love to," said Bradley musingly. "Mr. Bradley," said the old man, "it was my hope that my daughter should wed a man more in sympathy with my views than you are, but the ring is your advocate. Be good to her."

Then Jane Apperson came into the room and Ben Bradley kissed her, and the pale-faced secretary, who wasn't a bad fellow at all, peeped in and told Mr. Apperson that he would like to consult with him about the account of one of the tenants.